



(Volume 100\*)..... (\*Celebration volume)

\*\* Do not follow where the path  
may lead - Go instead, where  
there is no path,  
and leave a trail - \*\*

Elifritsy

**PART ONE**



## Photo History



*I think the following email explains what this 100th volume is all about*

xxxxxx 2019.

May 2019.....Tammy, bcc: Ilana, bcc: Hur, bcc: Ali, bcc: Ali, bcc: Angela, bcc: DP, bcc: Linda, bcc: Ed, bcc: Elaine, bcc: Evie, bcc: Jeff, bcc: stephen, bcc: Norman, bcc: Cyril+Viv, bcc: Neil, bcc: alan, bcc: AlanBrill, bcc: dan, bcc: Ivor, bcc: Ronnie, bcc: Jeff, bcc: harrygoldstein, bcc: ianandpam, bcc: John, bcc: DanNewman, bcc: Colin, bcc: PeterHughes, bcc: Philip, bcc: Ben, bcc: stuart, bcc: Gerry, bcc: Paul, bcc: John, bcc: Gerald, bcc: Gerald, bcc: David, bcc: Harold, bcc: Gareth, bcc: Geoffrey, bcc: Jacki, bcc: John, bcc: Jon, bcc: Judy, bcc: Judy, bcc: Karen, bcc: Keith, bcc: Kieron, bcc: Kitty, bcc: Lebow, bcc: Leon, bcc: Margaret, bcc: Marion, bcc: Mariusz, bcc: Martin, bcc: Maryanne, bcc: Mike, bcc: Scotts, bcc: Mickey, bcc: Milan, bcc: Nadia, bcc: Norma, bcc: Arnon(, bcc: Paul, bcc: Ronald, bcc: Sandra, bcc: Sandra, bcc: The, bcc: steve, bcc: Stuart, bcc: Vera and many others

Hi everyone

You may, or you may not, know that I am a photography lunatic (started at age 6 approx)

I have, over the years, managed to accumulate over 70 traditional photo albums.

**Lynn says that I drive her mad, always stopping to 'take photos'...but I'm too old to stop now.**

Anyway, when digital photography started I continued to take photos but then I started to print them off on thick photo paper adding my own commentary.

The result now is a massive extra 97 volumes added to the original albums to date and it is still 'a lifetime's work' in progress.

They all have beautiful covers, are spirally-bound with coloured card inserts. They all contain a postscript about politics, moans and personal comments etc and they reflect family, friends, fellow walkers with London and UK countryside photos and also from travels in far-flung locations with all their fascinating facets (from graffiti to Royal parades, landscapes to rusty cars)...all in all a 'PHOTO HISTORY'... With no false modesty some of the photos are remarkable I was just there at the right moment

....Yes.....be patient..I'm coming to the point.

**Larnie, one of my lovely granddaughters suggested that the 100th volume should comprise pages from family and friends.**

(have I got 50 family and friends? you may well ask....who knows??)

**That's where you come in**

**Shock, horror..no plea for donations..no 'sign this petition'..all I want is your originality and a few minutes of your time. Please take an A4 page and write a poem or draw a picture or write a few lines of your choice or add a photo...literally anything you like at all and email it across to me at:**

[ralphisfood@gmail.com](mailto:ralphisfood@gmail.com)

**or post it to :**

**Ralph Kley**   **40 The Bourne**                   **Southgate**                   **London**                   **N14 6QS**

I will then scan your works of art/doodles/ramblings/rude words (Delete as appropriate) into the 100th edition.

I would really appreciate it and of course the plus side is that you will be featured in an historical document.

alive for this 100th edition.

**Of course you are welcome**

Ralph ..PBFB\*

The cover shows a small fridge magnet that Tammy bought me years ago. It has become my life mantra.



Photo History



Nature itself lays its statues,  
in most unexpected places.

As if coincidentally.

But if you are blessed with a sensitive watching heart,  
you would stand,  
watching their beauty with awe,  
While sooo many others, walking at your side, passing  
them by,  
still seeing nothing,  
There eyes are blind, they see none at all.

(Rachel Glick)

hi dear Ralph! a real wonderful initiation!  
sent you a poem i identify myself with and five of my pictures that  
suits.  
hugs to you and Lynni!! Arnon

Arnon bruckstein



Arnon bruckstein

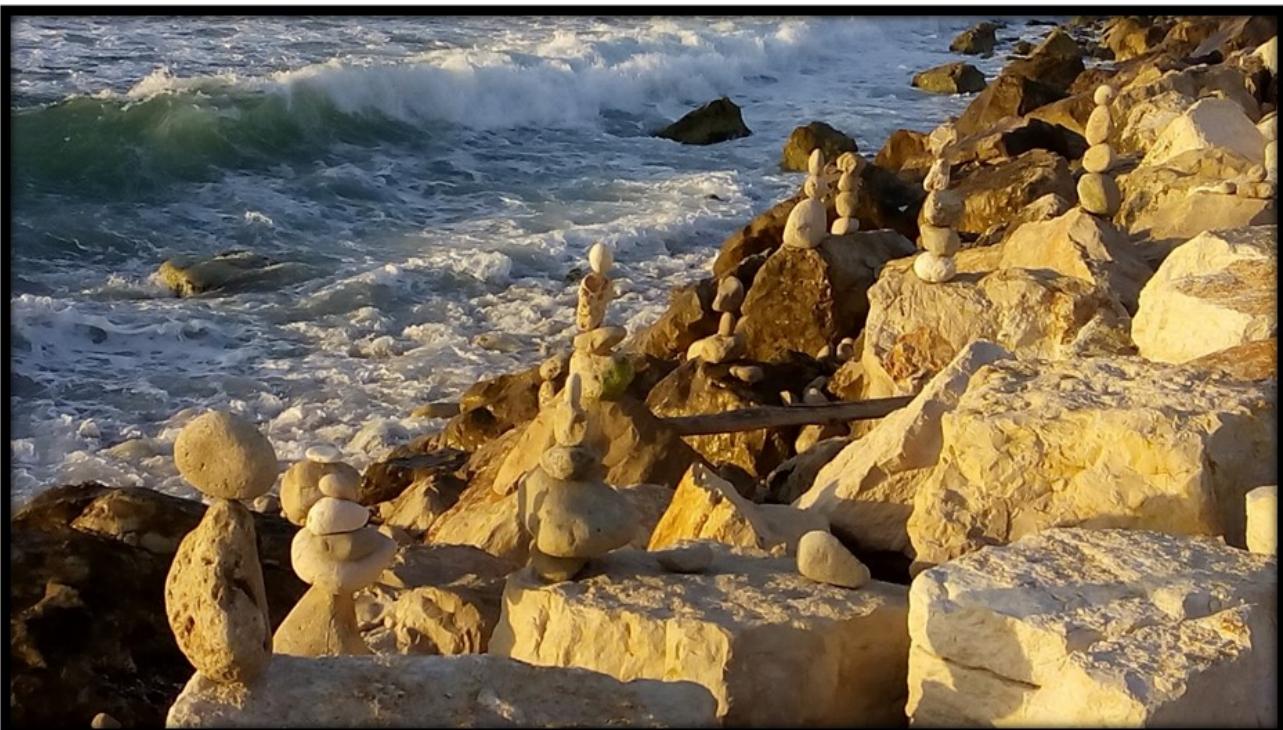




Photo History



Arnon bruckstein



Arnon bruckstein





## Photo History



Hi Ralph, thank you for your request

To send to you, we'll do our best

And yes you are a little weird

We'll check to see if it's appeared

With our poem and pics attached

Which very soon will be dispatched

When it's done ,we'll take a look

At your 100th photo book

The effort that you have put in

(Though we feel sorry for poor Lynn)

Is very much appreciated

With pictures faded old and dated

A record there will always be

Of him and her and you and me

The memory that always lingers

The balcony, and your two fingers

Of trips and holidays we've done

Through the years we've had some fun

Walks and hikes and village pubs

Lunch and dinner loads of grub

Israel, Spain, boats and all

France, with more to come, Nepal

Our contribution is complete

Good luck with your amazing feat

You keep the memory alive

## Dear Photographic bore

We are off to Spain tomorrow morning and out this evening, HOW-EVER how could I possibly refuse such an invitation to be part of history....easily!! But worry not, I will be on the case in 'Spain' as with Rae in hospital (I will be visiting her) and being accompanied by the kids and the kids' kids and a shopping list as long as my arm, I will have nothing else to do=!! So as long as you can wait for my contribution to be delivered on my return , you will have my gems .

In the meantime two fingers and see you soon..



Judy Davies

[Email: judy@piratemanagement.com](mailto:judy@piratemanagement.com)





Photo History



Judy Davies

Email: [judy@piratemanagement.com](mailto:judy@piratemanagement.com)



Judy Davies

Email: [judy@piratemanagement.com](mailto:judy@piratemanagement.com)



Photo History



We are off to Israel in the morning. Will do something when we return.

And you're not a photographic bore. After all , one of your photos helped me with a project.

Mickey & (Robbie Jackman)

**Sorry about that. Life just seems to be running away.**

Ralph , you are one of those special people that from the moment one meets you , one feels that one wants to be your friend. Your twinkly eyes, the big warm smile , the genuine welcome are your signature. After half an hour in your company your kindness , genuiness , great sense of humour and fun makes one want to be around you and be your friend. We are honoured to be included in that exclusive club.

So, lets drink (a juice?) to you and to many more years of joy in good health.

With lots of love

Robbie & Mickey

*Ps. If you ever run out of photo albums to do , we have loads of photos that need to be "albumed"*

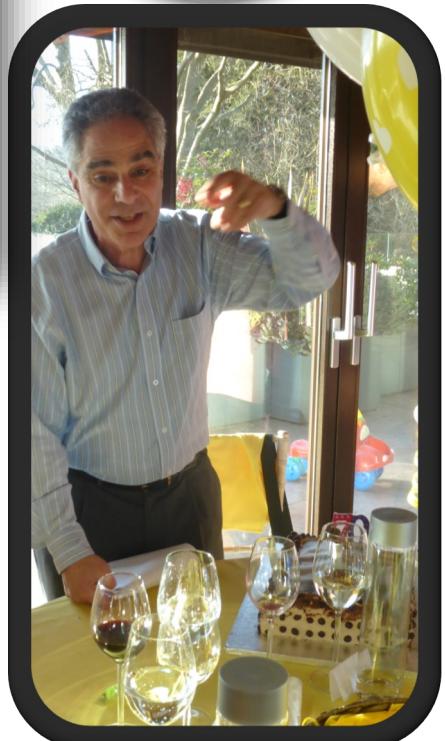
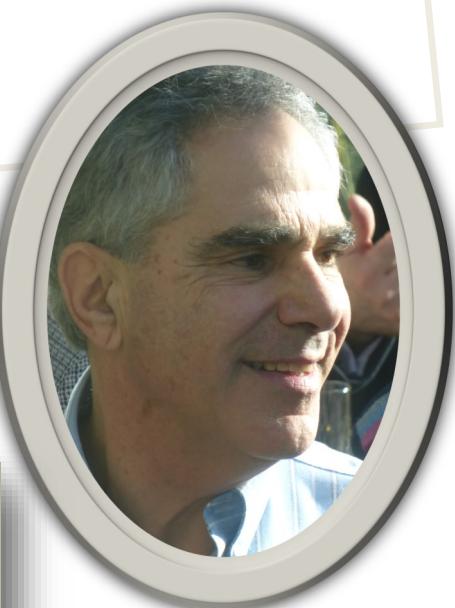




Photo History



I took a picture of a lion when on holiday  
herewith





## Photo History



### The Shah's @ no.38

Fifteen years ago, your lives changed forever.  
How fortunate you were - the Shah's moved in next door!  
Milan, Seema and daughters Priya and Jenna A more suitable family you could not wish for!



Or, so you thought.....

Until you sit in your garden, to relax, paint and read With the windows open you can hear every shout, scream and roar!  
For this we truly apologise.  
But for every argument there is laughter, fun and joy We hope our raised voices does not disturb your peaceful retired life  
As we know how much you old people like to snooze

Better neighbours we could not have wished for Who else would Milan spend hours chatting over the front garden fence to?

Jenna and Ralph, gym buddies - a smile, a nod and a little wave over the equipment Lyn always asking Seema "Tell me....the family? All well.....good, good" before running off Priya - remember her? Our eldest, who only pops in when she's forgotten her keys!

Our life goals, and we all say it, is.....

"I hope we're like Ralph & Lynn when we get older, always travelling and doing things"

A more thoughtful, talkative and inspiring couple we could not have hoped to meet The Kley's @ no. 40, next door A more dysfunctional, loving, loud and caring family you'll not meet The Shah's @ no.38, next door!





Photo History



What a good idea - and congratulations. I'll have a little think whilst I'm cutting the hedge.

Norma (Yam) xxx

*Don't know whether this is Suitable but it's true.  
Trouble with computer - hence photograph ha ha*

### Time, Memory and Passion

Nothing awakens memory like a photograph. Whether it is the smile of a long lost friend, the bewitching fascination of a precious child, or those never to be repeated, elusive moments of simple holiday fun, when we seemed so young and carefree.

The picture is always more than the sum of its parts, summoning up reminders of time and place, like few words can, with all the emotions surrounding it. When we stumble upon these random images we are mysteriously taken back to everything we felt, snapped for posterity, and whatever seemed important to us in that moment.

No-one I know has recorded these precious times as fastidiously as Ralph (aka 'Mick'. ) Where he got the time and energy after slaving away with unsocial hours as caterer par excellence, and latterly traveller, man about town and allotment keeper, I do not know. But he is rarely without his camera, at parties or pop festivals. The camera is part of him, and we are too comfortable in his company to be on our guard. For his camera does not discriminate – whether it is an 'off day' for us, or not. We are willing and complicit to be part of his world.

Ralph is far more than a Happy Snappy amateur, his photography has always been clever and artistic – no cut off feet or cloudy shots for him, but his work has grown in sophistication over the years – he is now a stylish and unique 'professional,' covering portraits, scenes of interest from around the globe, creating words and poetry alongside his art, (for that is what it is,) and sharing wholeheartedly his love and passion.

This gift of seeing the world through a lens, conveying an interpretation of what he sees, and then filing it away conscientiously in volumes, is I feel, inspired. The inspiration is, to a great extent, Lynne, who has been beside him almost forever. Ralph has numerous pictures of Lynne (and the kids - of both generations,) and she also has an eye for the 'different,' the 'special' and the 'unique.'

This is very much a story of Ralph and Lynne – modest, undiscovered, and 'out there.'

With love,

Norma





## Photo History



Wrote a short story that you could use for the book, hope you like it xxx

I'm so happy you liked the idea! I'll get on it!

Larny (Ilana Hur) xx

### A Loaf of Bread: A Short Story

French toast marks the beginning of a lot of great things.

If, when I wake up, wiping the crusted sleep from the corner of my eyes and rolling back the pale blue duvet I'd become cosily enveloped in, I could hear that the kitchen radio was switched on and playing Classic FM, I knew exactly what today would bring.

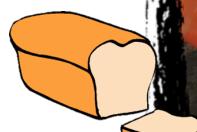
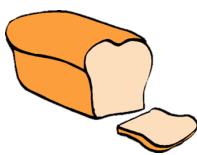
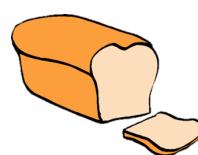
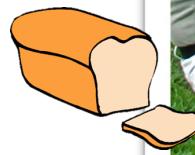
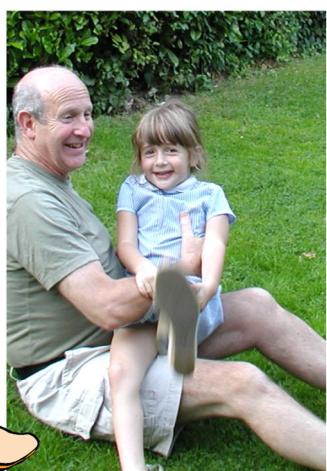
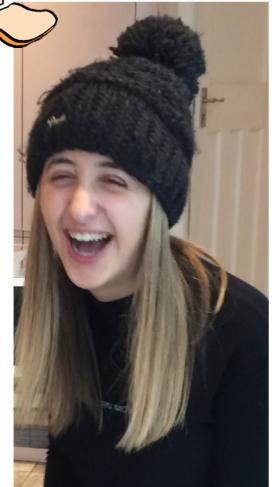
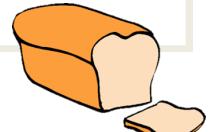
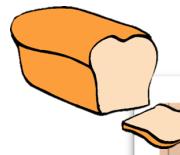
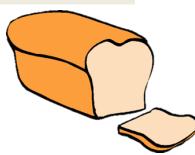
My grandad, Ralph, hearing my footsteps thundering down the soft, carpeted stairs had already opened up the door to the lounge, so that I could run with ease through to the kitchen. Since I was 5 years old, I had cherished the first ever apron that had been gifted to me by him. A red and white polka dot garment that tied neatly behind my back and was a milestone on my timeline towards becoming what he proudly calls, "my next in command, Grandad's sous chef."

Nearly 15 years on from that moment, he stands there, as cheerfully as the first day I put the apron on, holding it out for me (I still squeeze into the same one when cooking) and telling me to get the ingredients out. Bread, eggs and milk were laid out on the table, as was the cinnamon and sugar. The secret ingredient to put even the best of the French chefs to shame? nutmeg!

Encased in a tin illustrated with a picture of an Italian rural landscape and luminous yellow calligraphy proclaiming 'noce moscata,' sat a tiny grater about the size of a child's finger, and three dignified nutmegs.

French toast at my grandparents isn't subject to occasion. Far from it. A long day spent painting with my grandma in the oak cabin at the back of the garden called for the snack. My grandad's 5am start and regular journey to the swimming pool nearby called for a French toast boost of energy and of course, if none of us had any errands in the morning, it was imperative that we had a little chit chat over some of the fluffy treats.

His parents, the sophisticated Horst from Germany and Ilse from Gdansk, Poland, had survived the years of wartime rationing, but had handed down to generations of their family, a sentiment of continual giving and compassion, like the sweet aftertaste of bread.



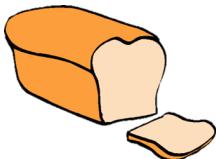


## Photo History



His parents, the sophisticated Horst from Germany and Ilse from Gdansk, Poland, had survived the years of wartime rationing, but had handed down to generations of their family, a sentiment of continual giving and compassion, like the sweet aftertaste of bread.

"I think I need to taste test these bits, for health and safety sake," grandad says, as he picks up a small cut up square of French toast and swirls it around the silver serving tray, taking great care to get just the right amount of sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg onto the crisped piece. "Yep, not dangerous to eat," he says, gently chuckling and raising his eyebrows like an innocent child. In a matter of seconds since he places the tray onto the dining table, I see my grandma and grandads' hands meet on their search for the best fried cube, and in that moment, watch them like two young lovers on their first chaperoned high school date. A love that has been infused into the food and remained in their eyes throughout their marriage.

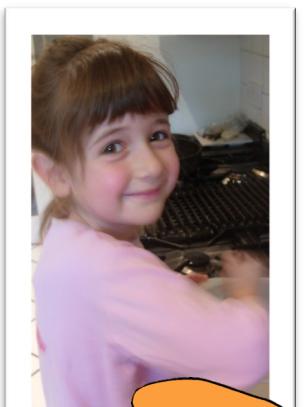


A few years ago, my grandad bought a bread maker and having nestled it in between the kitchen scales and the coffee machine, he had made it at home. Food classes are a special event in their house. Every time my mother calls to tell them I can stay over, I imagine that grandad's printer jolts in frantic excitement, knowing its cogs will soon be turning to churn out the many recipes he has written up.

Years ago, my mother, in the same house, was being taught to fillet a fish and roast a chicken. Whilst it wasn't the most glamorous moments of her adolescence, these lessons now sit in front of the family she created years later and present themselves fiercely as testaments to loyalty and unconditional tenderness.



When the smell of freshly baked sourdough seeps into my bedroom upstairs, and the timer has buzzed at the time grandad programmed it for, just as we'd be waking up, my grandma pours the richly flowing coffee into two mugs, and concocts a milky drink of Ovaltine for me, just like the one I drank routinely before primary school and as a potion to entice me to sleep before being tucked in at bedtime.



Flaky croissant dough with homemade sticky strawberry jam from a 'buddy' grandad walks with, has woken me up, toast dripping in butter has provided comfort during long conversations in my grandad's lounge, and bagels, with the perfect balance of cream cheese and salmon curated by grandma, have kept me satiated for the time spent flicking through the hundreds of photobooks created of our family by my grandad, safely burrowed in the friendly wooden shelves in his office.

Flour and yeast might run out, but warmth is renewed in the crusted walls of a bread loaf and the walls of the family home.

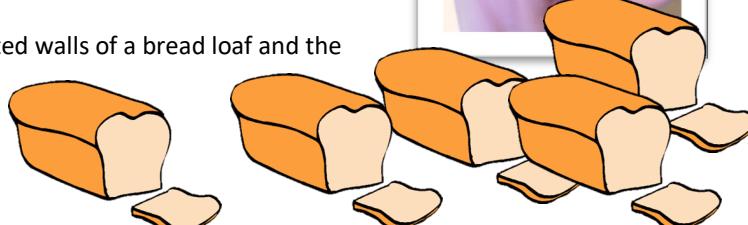




Photo History



Hi Ralph  
I can't let your appeal go unanswered,  
poem. If you don't like it, just delete!

2019580.gif

so I've attached a little

There was a young man called Kley  
Whose friends said it's easy to say  
But his wife fancy-free  
Said it wasn't to be  
She preferred to say it as Klee



Norman (Cohen)



*My Response...*

Wonderful notes setteth the mood  
Not to enjoy would be so rude  
With Norman's great voice in the choir  
Doth tone deaf heathens inspire  
But our name to which you do elude  
Pronounce it 'KLEE' or be sued



## Photo History

### OLD AND GRUMPY!

I'm growing old and grumpy now, my patience wearing thin  
 It's small things that annoy me and get under my skin  
 I used to be more tolerant and let things pass me by  
 And now I want to interfere just to ask them why?

When you have been taking photos for as long as you have and when we reach our senior years it's time to reflect on our disposition.

This poem applies to me but I am sure you will always retain your sense of humour and placid and tolerant ways. Carry on snapping with joy and in good health! What a wonderful legacy.

Stuart Rose

I'm growing old and grumpy now, it makes me want to swear  
 Children left to roam around their parents just don't care  
 They do just what they want to do, and rarely are polite  
 I blame it on the parents who don't teach wrong from right.

I'm growing old and grumpy now the whole world's in a hurry  
 They have no time for other folk and never seem to worry  
 They rush around from place to place just thinking of number one  
 Don't let me get in your way, I'll soon be dead and gone.

I'm growing old and grumpy now, yet in my youth I thought  
 Of all the others I could help and the pleasure that it brought  
 I'd lend a hand and smile all day, ah how infectious it was  
 I had no reason to be like that, it was just because...

I'm growing old and grumpy now, getting slower every day  
 To most other people in the street I'm getting in the way  
 Please have consideration and try to understand  
 You'll be old and grumpy soon and you might need a hand.





## Photo History

A brief history of a rather long time.....

It was a long time ago that I met Ralph Kley  
A man of the world, I thought him to be  
When he was five and I was just three.

The friendship was forged by the older generation  
Four refugees who formed a close association  
We were together for every celebration.

Horst and Ille, Gerda and Hans, his parents and mine  
His Dad and my Mum both from Bonn on the Rhine  
We weren't well off, but life was just fine.

Ralph was funny... made me laugh I acknowledge  
And then he grew up and went to college  
There to increase his gastronomic knowledge.

Of hair-raising times he would tell a good tale  
With goings-on in famous kitchens he would us regale  
Till the thought of eating there made us go deathly pale.

Then Ralph decided he preferred the name Mick  
And I can tell you, it certainly did the trick  
Because about this time he met one super hot chick.

Yes! Lynn, Jocelyn, came on the scene and Mick was enchanted  
Lynn was everything he could dream of and wanted  
The close bond continues - 50 years and more undaunted.

Then married, hard work was the order of the day  
Catering, a sandwich bar, a restaurant and deli all came Ralph's way  
Lynn and Ralph worked like Trojans for their pay

Then along came Tammy, their darling daughter  
She's beautiful, talented, so kind...and a talker!  
She's given her parents a great son in law and Larnie the granddaughter.

A couple of years on, DP arrived to carry on the family name  
Performer extraordinaire is his claim to fame  
Two more lovely grandchildren, Peachy and Beau, are in the frame.

Along the way, our friends have acquired a remote island croft  
No running water, no power...and no Microsoft  
A French farmhouse so remote that they didn't visit oft.

Ralph's a brilliant photographer – no mere snapper he  
Composition, colour, favourite subjects like the odd dead tree  
97 books and counting chart the life of the Kley family.

Lynn always looks a picture from her head to her toes  
Originally, her mother would make her those beautiful clothes  
Now Lynn still hits fashion right on the nose

She's the kindest person you could ever meet  
The meals she makes are a real treat to eat  
And her wit and good sense make Ralph's life complete.

Dear Lynn and Ralph,

I HAVE NO CREATIVE SIDE! You know I am a translator, not an originator. Not sure what you wanted, but have come up with the attached. Please don't worry if this is not what is required - I won't be offended. Much love, I so enjoyed our day together last week that I may well repeat it and ask you if I can come again soon!

Marion (Godfrey) x

Their shared sense of humour is off beat and zany  
Their art collection contains a great miscellany  
Lynn and Ralph are stylish, artistic - perhaps a little crazy!

Now Ralph and Lynn have retired and they do what they please  
Walking, allotment gardening, distant places – the travelling Kleys  
Mentoring, teaching, entertaining – they're still busy as bees.

All our years of friendship are something I treasure  
Seeing you both is always a pleasure  
We've been pals for years, in both fair and bad weather.

Whatever life deals out, you take it on the chin  
With that humour and grit that you both have built-in  
Love you both lots for all time, my dearest Ralph and Lynn.

With apologies for poor rhyming, scanning and taking liberties with the timelines!  
Marion xxxx



Phew! I did something right for a change. Oddly enough, I couldn't sleep the night before last because I was wheezing a bit and suddenly, in the night, I found a bit of inspiration and so I dashed off most of the poem then and completed it this morning. I'm thrilled that you like



Photo History



I am sending several images which hopefully you will like one enough to put in your book - if you dont like any of them let me know and I will endeavour to find something else.



"REFLECTIONS" Photo I took in Japan



Photo History



**Sprint**  
printers stationers  
est 1986

Hi Ralph,

Here is a little contribution to your extra special album.

Hope it's ok:-

SPRINT

22 years, time goes so..... Fast

I thought this job WAS gonna last.

But 22 years!! REALLY???

Like everything it has it's UPS and downs, but luckily a lot more UPS than downs

I have a laugh and some fun, never knowing what's to come;-

like the day an elderly lady with dementia came in, didn't know where she was [bless her] or where she was going

After searching her bag for her address, I drove her back to the care home that she had escaped from

I love our regular customers who always have lots to say some of their stories really make my day.

Some days I feel a bit like a social worker [in a good way] talking to local lonely people who don't often get to have a chat[love it].

Our customers come in all shapes and sizes, some are quite a sight

Most of them are lovely, but then you get the grumpy ones who think they are always right.

Then of course there are the interesting ones like Ralph [few and far between] who have travelled far and wide

Had so many adventures with his lovely wife by his side.

Your albums are just amazing, the photography remarkable. May the enjoyment that you get from producing them just go on and on.

[And we will carry on binding them for you.]

With All Best Wishes,

Jackie (Ingram) at Sprint



Photo History



Dear Ralph

Great idea - Kitty & I will cobble something together in the next few days.  
Best wishes - M & K

## TO RALPH AND LYNN KLEY

1966 to 2019 - it's hard to work out how 53 years went by so quickly

Two children (boys - now middle-aged men) - two lovely daughters-in-law and four grandchildren

Parents, siblings, jobs and careers, eating, travelling, art & music

And above all friendship and support



1966

Michael and

Dear Ralph

Is this the sort of thing you had in mind - hope it's OK !

Michael

Flat 3  
26 Belsize Lane  
London NW3 5AB  
020-7435 0338 07966-182050

2019

Kitty Brod - June 2019



**A** few years ago  
**A**fter the snow  
**A** new kid appeared  
**S**porting a beard  
**A**nd took on a plot  
**W**e liked him a lot  
**W**ith interests alike  
**A** friendship did strike  
**W**e've spent time in jail  
**A**nd supped the odd ale  
**D**iscussed the arts  
**T**ramped around Herts  
**S**o now Ralph and Lynn  
**T**o us you're like kin

**S**o



**I**f you have found this tale to be cheering  
**P**lease raise a glass to allotmenteeering! **A** few years ago



Paul & Wendy (Tobias) xx



Photo History



**Hi Ralph**

**A little poem for your 100th volume:**



Another year has passed us by  
And we're all a little older.  
Last summer felt much hotter,  
And winter seems much colder.

There was a time not long ago  
When life was quite a blast.  
But now I fully understand  
About 'Living in the Past'

We used to go to weddings,  
Football games and lunches.  
Now we visit nursing homes  
And after-funeral brunches.

We used to have hangovers,  
From parties that were crazy.  
Now we suffer body aches,  
We're sleepy and we're lazy.

We used to go out dining,  
And couldn't get our fill.  
Now we ask for doggie bags,  
Go home and take a pill.

We used to often travel  
To places near and far.  
Now we get sore asses  
Just sitting in the car.

We used to go to nightclubs  
And drink a little booze.  
Now we stay home at night  
And sleep right through the news.

That, my friend is how life is,  
And now my tale is told.  
So, enjoy each day and live it up.  
Before you're too damn old...

Best wishes

Stuart (Pinkerton)





Photo History



Hi Ralph,

A memory of a lovely walk to Greenwich earlier this year



Congratulations on your 100th album. I'm not very good at poems, but here's a memory of a delightful walk to Greenwich earlier this year.

Dan (Newman)





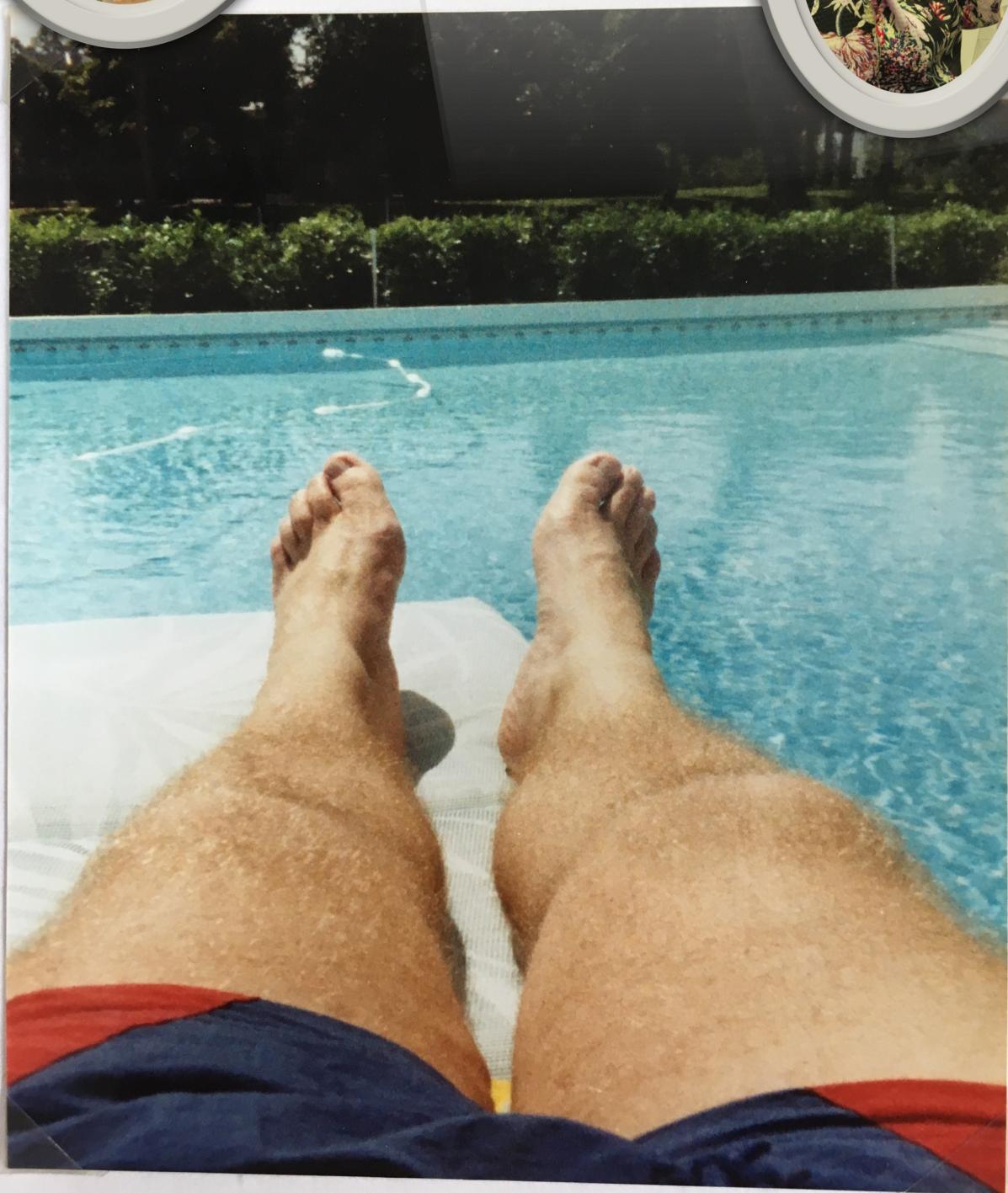
Photo History



Hi Ralph.

Here is my little pearl of wisdom if you want to make it to 120  
This is the way to relax and hopefully have a long life  
Lots of love

Steve & Joan xxx (Noble)





### Ode to the Kleys

Collectively known as the Kleys.  
 Lynne and Ralph, Jo and Mick – as you please.  
 This fabulous pair, with whom none compare  
 Are as everyone surely agrees,  
 Enigmatic, pragmatic,  
 And sometimes nomadic  
 Travelling far overseas.

When at home, though, such generous hosts,  
 Always modest and not prone to boasts,  
 Do their absolute utmost to please  
 Those dear friends we know as the Kleys.

In the kitchen Ralph chefs and he toils,  
 As he sautés and bakes and he boils  
 While dear Lynne plays the hostess with ease  
 Those wonderful friends called the Kleys.

In the mornings he goes for a swim  
 In a vain-less attempt to stay trim  
 While Lynne walks among trees – in the park, if you please  
 Those youthful, adorable Kleys.

Unofficially one of the ‘paps’  
 He’s catalogued thousands of snaps  
 Of friends or graffiti, or Lynnlie, his “sweetie”  
 His bookshelf may even collapse.  
 They never do stuff by degrees,  
 And as for eccentricities,  
 We admit that we’re big devotees  
 Of that lovable pair called the Kleys.



*So here's our little contribution.*

*Thanks for being our friends. Hope we are all spared many more years of love and laughter together.*

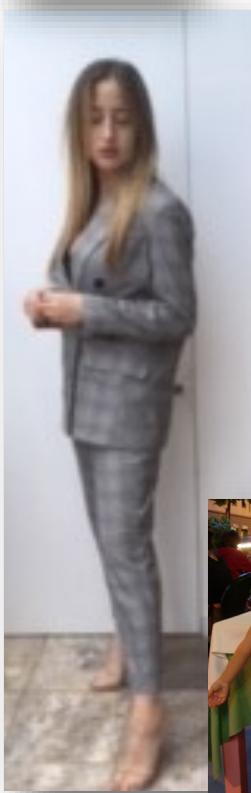
xx

Ros & Mike (Medalyer)





## Photo History



### My daughter ( at twenty )

my daughter means to me  
a deep , dark , swirling vocabulary  
a storm , a sky , a reverie .

liquid fear trickles out from core inside ,  
her sharp sparkle , unseen by most in a world so wide .

a cornucopia of everything wrapped in a Chanel bow ,  
how to protect this tough fragility , i wish i had the power to know .

watching through lifes lens as true characters unfurl ,  
my young woman , my fierce tiger , my frightened little girl .

in a superficial world " likes " and looks are currency ,  
no words or depth of feelings could ever be ,  
enough for the love that my daughter means to me .

Tammy (Hur)





Photo History



Susan & Len (Magar)



For as long as we have known you  
Which is forever and a day  
You've always loved to photograph  
Whatever came your way!

Be it buildings, countryside, friends and family,  
England, abroad and all wonderful places.

Nothing escapes your eagle eyes  
All documented in albums put by.

A wonderful story of a happy life  
Together with your children and wonderful wife!

Susan and Leon

xxxxxxxxxx

August  
2010

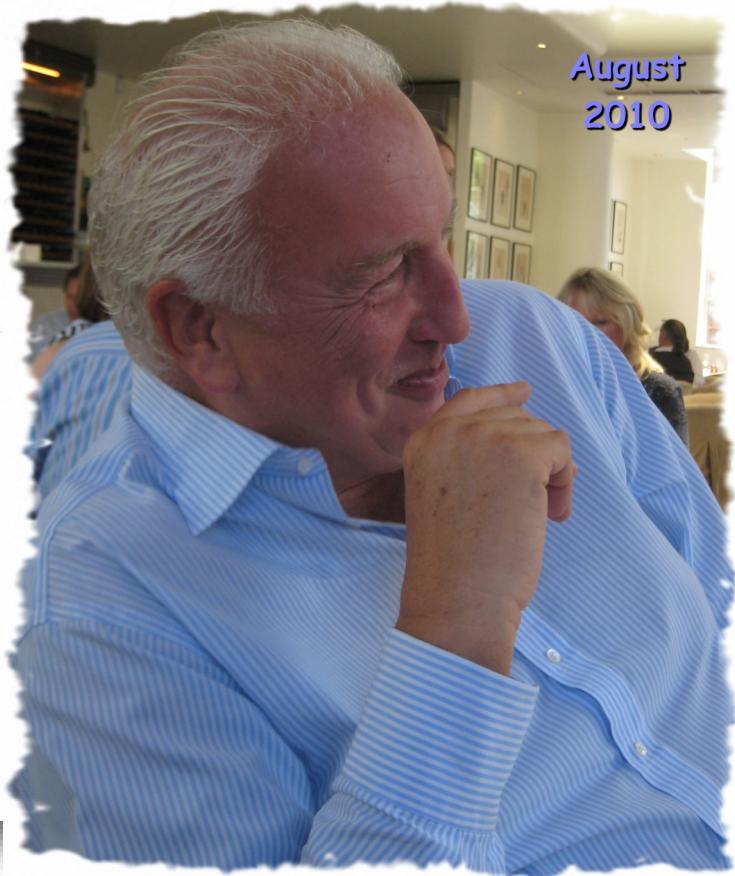
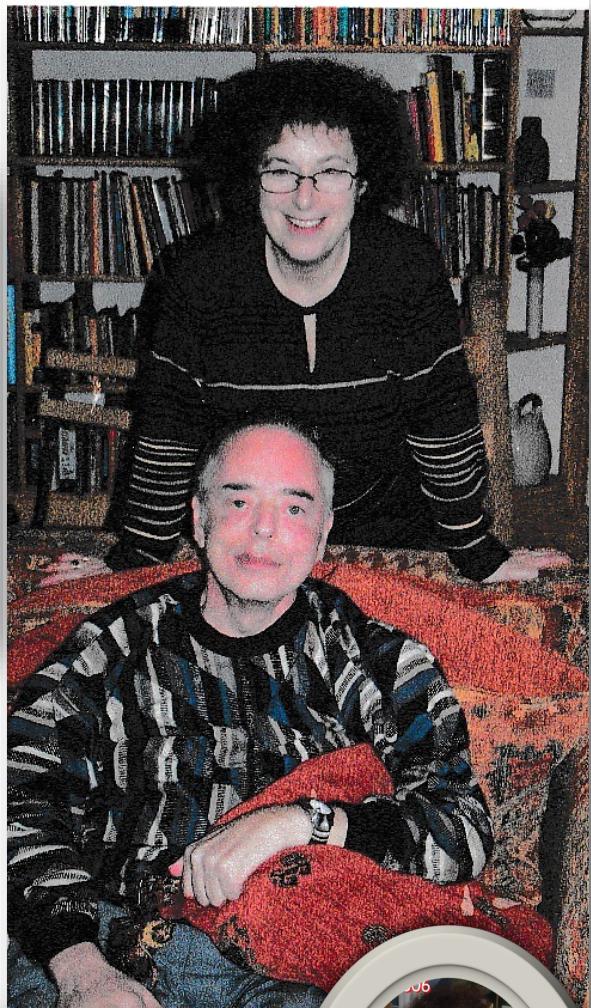




Photo History

At Simon's Barmitzvah Dec 1997



At Martin & Maxine's 60th birthday



Ralph - a nice  
selection for your  
anniversary album.

Hope you like them

XX

Sue



Photo by



Nana Kley by Angela in May 2010.

